

Honorable John G. Koeltl  
United States District Judge  
United States Courthouse  
Southern District of New York  
500 Pearl Street, Room 1030  
New York, New York 10007

Dear Honorable John G. Koeltl,

My name is N Al. I am the son and the eldest child of William Masso, I am sixteen years old and I am entering my senior year of high school at Scholars' Academy in September. Ever since I can remember my father has been there for me no matter what, and I can truly say he has been, along with my mother, the most inspirational person in my life. My father is the most kind-hearted, genuine man I know and would go out of his way to help anyone. When my father was young he loved reading and collecting comic books. Having a son, he shared his love for superheroes with me when I was young as well. I remember very vividly asking my father when I was young why he became a police officer. He then responded by telling me that the superheroes in the comics he read when he was younger, inspired him to want to help people and make a difference in the world. After telling me this I began to view my father as my own personal superhero who would protect me every night he worked as a police officer. My father has always told me to treat others the way I would like to be treated, with the upmost respect. Another thing my father has taught me that I live by every day of my life is to do well in school. Now I understand that the reason behind this is because my father wants the best for my two sisters and I, and wishes we do not struggle in the future. So far I have exhibited these qualities by staying on target and this is reflected by my grades and dedication to school. By teaching me these lessons my father has shaped me into the person I am today. Whenever someone tells me I remind them of my father I always respond with a huge smile on my face and a "thank you" because I am honored to exhibit the same qualities and characteristics of such a great man.

Your Honor I cannot recall a moment where my father has treated anyone disrespectfully, in fact he does the complete opposite. When I used to go with my father to pick up his check in Bay Ridge I saw that everyone he ran into, whether in his police station or on the street, loved who he was as a person. I remember asking my father one day when we went to go pick up a check of his, why everyone we run into is so kind to him, his response

to me was “what you give is what you receive”. Whenever I look at my father I can only see the good in him. My father is the type of man who would run to the world and back for his family and this is exhibited every single day. He is always helping his parents whom both became ill due to old age recently, and no matter where he is, he makes it his first priority to make sure they are both ok. This not only goes for my grandparents, but for my mother as well. My parents’ love for one another is like none other I’ve ever seen; this explains why they have been together for so long. Whenever I see them with each other they have this inseparable chemistry that no one could ever tear apart, one would recognize this just by looking at the two of them together.

Recently the smiles on our faces have dissipated due to the recent events, and have transformed into frowns. It hurts me so to see my family like this. The Masso family could be described as one of the strongest, most loving families in the world, but even under all of that love lies pain within us. Your Honor, my father has tried so hard these last few months to make our family happy through this difficult time in our lives, but it seems every time life cannot get any worse, it does. A few months after we found out about my father’s current situation, my family found out my grandmother was diagnosed with cancer that has now spread to her lungs. Just thinking about losing one person for a few years seems impossible, now comes the possibility of losing another family member permanently. I think to myself sometimes how all of this can be real, and I still cannot believe how my family has crumbled due to this event. As Frank Sinatra once sang, “we must pick ourselves up and get back in the race”, and that Your Honor, truly is life. This wasn’t the only time there was sorrow in our family though. In the winter of 2008 my Uncle Carl passed away, and this affected my cousins and my Aunt Hope very severely. My cousins were 17, 16, and 14 at the time, and I can only imagine how they must of felt to have seen their father perish right in front of their eyes. While everyone was grieving, it was my father who stepped up to the plate and tried his very best to become a father figure to my cousins. He knew he wasn’t a replacement but he tried his very best to be there for each of them in their time of sorrow.

I believe being a police officer suited my father best because of his love of helping people. His whole life all he ever wanted was to make this world a better place, not only for his family but for everyone in it as well; this is what makes my father different from most people. His kind and gentle soul extends not only to helping people, but all living things. My father has an extreme love towards animals, especially dogs. I see this attribute mirrored through my youngest sister, and it makes me proud that I see a little

bit of my father in each of us. In fact today my cousin Thomas left his newborn bird outside in it's cage, he entered his house for a second only to find out that a wild cat mauled the bird's face off. My father rushed to the house to do whatever he could to save the poor animal's life, but unfortunately couldn't. As soon as he came home he broke down in tears due to his pain and agony towards that bird's brutal death. This is just another example of how my father truly cares for all life.

Sometimes I wish I can just awake from this horrible nightmare that one calls life, and have everything the way it used to be, have a giant happy, healthy family. In those moments though, I realize the difference between reality and dreams, which breaks my heart Your Honor. Throughout this experience there have been moments where I have doubted my faith, but I now realize that God must have a bigger plan for us, and knows if we stick together as a family, as we've done many times in the past, we will get through this. Being the eldest child I feel an abundance of pressure that I must face each day. Now I must step up to the plate and become a father figure towards my two younger sisters and look out after my mother, this is not because I have to, but because I want to. It's hard to be a sixteen year old and have to grow up in an instant, but I believe I have done a good job so far and I can handle this responsibility in the future because of what my father has taught me. My father leaving us will be, by far, the hardest moment my two sisters and I will encounter in our young lives. It shatters me that my youngest sister, S , the twinkle of my father's eye, will have to be pried from her daddy's arms when he has to leave us. She truly is "daddy's little girl" and if she could, would be by his side 24/7. I can't even imagine the way she is going to feel without her best friend by her side even for a day. My sister T soon approaching her sixteenth birthday, and it saddens us all that she is not going to have her daddy's shoulder to lean on as she steps out for her first dance at her Sweet Sixteen. My sisters do not deserve this pain and suffering Your Honor. Next June I am graduating high school as well, and just thinking about the moment when I am called up to the podium to receive my diploma for all my hard work and achievements that my father has helped me overcome throughout the past seventeen years of my life, and then look around for my family only to see that empty seat next to my mother destroys me inside.

Your Honor I Have been blessed with such an extraordinary father, and I hope I have painted a picture of the man my father truly is. The fact that my computer isn't working properly because of the amount of tears on it shows that this letter came sincerely from my heart. My father is my best friend Your Honor, and to see him each day with such misery on his face

makes me numb. I hope you can see it in your heart who the true William Masso is after reading all of these letters. My parents have always told me how life cannot be fair, and it is extremely unfortunate that I had to find this out the hard way.

Sincerely,

*N. M.*

N. M.

Honorable John G. Koeltl  
United States District Judge  
United States Courthouse  
Southern District of New York  
500 Pearl Street, Room 1030  
New York, New York 10007

Dear Honorable John Koeltl,

My name is T M I am the daughter of William Masso. I am fourteen years old and I currently attend Edward R. Murrow High School. My father has given me an abundance of gifts throughout my lifetime. These gifts that I know I will always cherish do not have a price tag. They cannot be found in any store in the mall. These gifts aren't materialistic in any way whatsoever. I am sure that my father doesn't even realize what he has given to me, only because he is so modest. My father has taught me how to love, one of the most human emotions anyone can ever feel, as well as one of the best. My father has taught me to be kind to everyone, despite the way they have ever acted towards you. My father has taught me to be compassionate, and to never give up on my dreams. And even if these dreams seemed too far to reach, he would always be there to pick me up on his shoulders and help me become one step closer to them. My father has taught me how to laugh, even when my tears have blurred my vision. I know I will never return any of these gifts, only pass them down to my own children someday and hope that they will take each and every one and implement them into their own lives.

I don't believe that there is a greater need in the world as strong as the need of a father's protection for his daughter. I know that my father will always be there for me, to catch me when I fall. To kiss the scrapes and black and blues on my knees or to hug away the pain that clings to my heart. My father will never let any harm come to me and knowing that, I put all of my faith with him. He is an incredibly loving man; there is no doubt about that. Unlike other men, I know my father doesn't feel that showing his emotions might target him as a weakling. If anything, he embraces it. His undying love has started with my mother and it has carried through to my brother, sister and I. His thoughtfulness, whether it is as simple as asking how our day was at school or truly sitting down with us and listening to whatever was on our minds, always shows us how much he cares. He has never made us feel insignificant, and our voices are always heard.

*"Actions speak louder than words"*. My father proves this quote to ring true by always extending himself to all of those around him. My grandparents could depend on my father, no matter what. He is a loving and devoted son as he is a father. They can rely on my dad to help around the house, whether he is planting in their garden, fixing common household dilemmas, or running to the store to pick up everyday necessities. They also rely on him when it comes to health issues. My father never hesitates when it comes to taking them to doctor appointments or picking up needed prescriptions. I have never heard my father complain or become annoyed when they ask of something from him.



I've learned how to love and treat my own brother and sister by how my father loves and treats his own brothers and sister. As an uncle, my dad has been there for my cousins, who lost their own father. While doing this my dad has never made me feel secondary. Knowing all too well how I would feel if I lost my own father, it never bothered me that he was there for my cousins every step of the way. It only made us that much stronger.

My memories of my father and I will always be fond ones. No one will ever be able to take any of them away from me. Memories are so easy to create but even harder to forget. I will *never* forget any of the memories I have incidentally created with my father and I don't understand why I would ever want to. When I am pulling through a tough time, and when I feel like I will never find even a glitch of happiness in the near future, I know I will take some time to myself in order to recollect these memories and only reminisce the good and never the bad. The good, in the end, always outweighs the bad.

When my brother, sister and I were very young, we would probe our father's arm and plead for him to take us to Hollywood Video every Friday night. Despite how tired he might've been from work, he'd groggily get up and take us there within a heartbeat. I still remember the drive over there, window down and radio on as we all contemplated what we should rent for the family that night. Arriving there in a matter of five minutes, we'd walk the glossy yet scuffed floor and pick out a movie that satisfied all of us.

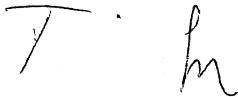
One night I distinctly remember as a child, takes place in the summer. My father, brother and I all had a craving for pizza. It must've been around ten o'clock at night and we were huddled around in our living room, flipping through the channels, trying to find something remotely good on TV. Stomachs growling, my father decided that if we didn't have pizza this instance, we'd surely have a terrible night. Hopping into my father's old car, we drove to the pizzeria. Being only nine or ten years old, I felt completely and utterly infinite. Not only because of the hour of the night, but because I was doing something spontaneous and fun with my father. Sitting in the pizzeria with my father and eating that delicious slice of pizza, I had to have been the happiest little girl in the world.

Recently, my father has done one of the most remarkable things anyone can ever do for an aspiring writer, such as me. Knowing where my passion lies when it comes to writing, my father drove to my Nanny's house and climbed up the steep stairs that led into her attic. Brooklyn was hit with a terrible heat wave that day, but that didn't seem to stop my father. He rummaged through the attic in the scorching hot weather for what seemed to be forever. Coming down those creaky stairs, perspiration trickling down his face, he held a small suitcase. Handing it to me, I realized it was heavier than it seemed. When I opened the suitcase, my eyes landed upon a beautifully old, vintage typewriter. It was small and black with dusty buttons that got stuck when you pressed them. However, I didn't mind one bit. In fact, it only made me love the typewriter more.

My father may not have known what he really did that day. In my opinion, the two most important things a writer should have is a great mind and something to indite your ideas. I'm working on the first part, but thanks to my dad I have something beautiful to work with. This is the most thoughtful gift anyone can ever give someone who loves writing with a passion.

Any man can be a father, but it takes someone special to be a dad. I love my daddy with all of my heart. And if you judge people, you have no time to love them. I will never judge my father, only love him.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature consisting of a stylized 'T' followed by a period and a stylized 'M'.

T M

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Hope Milea Masso

5/30/12

Honorable John G. Koeltl  
United States District Judge  
United States Court House  
Southern District of New York  
500 Pearl St. Room 1030  
New York, NY 10007

Dear Honorable John G. Koeltl,

My name is Hope Milea and I am William Masso's older sister. I am a mother of four children, three boys, Thomas, Carl, and Michael, and a girl, Francesca. My children lost their father and I lost my husband to stomach and liver cancer four years ago. Watching my husband deteriorate was a very difficult time for us. We would have never made it through if it wasn't for Billy. Because of him, my children didn't go astray and turn to alcohol or drugs. He took us from our darkest moments and brought us to a light where we bonded together to get through my husband's death and our families became stronger than ever before. Billy has been like a father to my four children, being there for them in every way possible. They really depend on him and are devastated over losing him too.

I am looking to God every day for the strength on how I am going to support and be a good role model for his children once he is gone, the same way he was there for my children. So many people, family and friends depend so much on my brother because he is always there helping everyone.

My parents who are in the eighties are very sick. Our mother who has diabetes and heart problems, our father who just had brain surgery, and Billy's mother in law who just found out she has stage four cancer. Billy is as at our parents' house everyday helping them out with their daily lives. I can't imagine what my parents will do without Billy.

Billy is a wonderful husband and a loving father of three small children, Nicholas, Talia, and Sophia. Talia is turning sixteen, I witnessed my daughter at her sweet sixteen without her father and how distraught she was. I would hate to see my God daughter go through the same thing. His only son Nicholas who is sixteen is under a lot of pressure with his father leaving as well. He expects to take responsibility for the welfare of his sisters and his mother, a lot like my sons did when their father passed away. The difference is, I have three boys who had each other for strength whenever they felt weak, and Nicholas being an only son has no other support like my boys did four years ago. This is going to be very tough for Nicholas who is also a very emotional young man, but not nearly as tough as it will be for Billy's youngest daughter Sophia. Sophia is nine years old but is very mature for her age. To say the least, Billy and Sophia are attached at the hip. The toughest part of their days is saying goodbye to each other when she leaves for school and he leaves for work. He is to thank for how Sophia has developed into a mature and intelligent young girl.



My brother feels terrible always wanting to be a good role model for his children and now knowing that he has completely failed, he wants nothing more than to make up for the mistake that he has made. My brother's children need him so much more than my words can explain, that is why his sentencing is going to be so instrumental to the well being of their lives. Your Honor, Billy will be missing out on their graduations, birthdays, Christmases and just being there for them, being the good father that he is. My brother William is a good, genuine man with a big heart.

Billy made a mistake, a big mistake, granted, but he is human and we all make mistakes. No one is perfect except the Lord above. I believe, and I'm sure you believe that everyone deserves a second chance. I know your Honor you must read thousands of these letters and I'm sorry for putting you through a long one. Your probably thinking I'm saying these things because he's my brother but your Honor you have to believe me that my brother Billy does not have a bad bone in his body. Anyone who knows him will swear to that.

Billy feels terrible for what he did and for what his whole family is going through and is extremely remorseful. I understand that there are consequences he must face, but I am begging you your Honor to please take into consideration how many people depend on him, my parents, his wife and children, and me and my children. We are a loving, caring, strong and religious family and once he's away we would like to visit him on a regular basis. Please your Honor take into consideration once again to try and keep him close so that I could take our families to visit him. I am available to talk to you if any other information is needed. My cell phone number is 917-754-3811.

Thank you Judge Koeltl for considering the request of leniency on my brother William's behalf. I know you will make the right decision when sentencing my brother. Please help all of us your Honor.

Sincerely,

  
Hope Milea

P.S Billy's sentencing day happens to fall on my birthday. At first I was upset about it falling on my birthday, but then I thought maybe my birthday will bring us luck. Please your Honor, give me the best birthday present I ever received in my life.

Ricardo Rivera

SALT LAKE CITY, UT 84117

Honorable John G. Koeltl  
United States District Judge  
United States Courthouse  
Southern District of New York  
500 Pearl Street, Room 1030  
New York, NY 10007

Dear Sir,

I am writing to you regarding William Masso. I'm aware of William's situation and I understand he has already pled to the charges. Still, I wanted to write this letter to you. I know that this will not change anything that has happened, but I wanted you to know the man I have known. My name is Ricardo Rivera and I was assigned to the 68 PCT from 2002 - 2008. I have since retired from the NYC Police Dept. I have known William and have worked

with him on the mid-night shift during my time there. I've always known William to be a great help to me and to other police officers that needed assistance. He was never reluctant to go the extra mile regardless of the circumstances. What I mean is when you needed a helping hand he never said no. He was always respectful and caring to the public he was serving or to the police officers he worked with. I remember the night I was injured. He was one of the first officers on the scene and comforted me a great deal until the ambulance arrived. It meant a lot to me. Knowing someone was there for me while I laid face down on the floor. I'm not saying he's superman, I'm just saying when you needed him he was there to help. There wasn't a night that he didn't talk lovingly about his wife and kids. To take him away from them for an extended period of



time would not only devastate him but mostly his wife and kids. Sir I know you get letters like this everyday. I would not be writing to you if I didn't believe in what I was saying. I truly believe in William. Thank you for taking the time to read this letter.

Respectfully  
Ricardo Riveris

Bklyn, New York 11234

Honorable John G. Koeltl  
United States District Judge  
United States Courthouse  
Southern District of New York  
500 - Pearl Street  
Room - 1030  
New York, N.Y. 10007

June 15, 2012

Dear Judge Koeltl,

I am writing this letter <sup>to give</sup> you a picture of the William Masso that I have known and loved for many years. I am a retired N.Y.C. police officer, retiring from Brooklyn South Narcotics Division in 1986. "Billy" would sit and talk to me about his dreams of becoming a police officer, so he could make a difference. He made a difference in my life. Billy helped me when I was severely injured in a radio car accident and recuperating at home for one year. He took my children to the park, ran errands for me and called everyday to see there was anything he could do for me or my family. This was in 1985. My husband and I consider him family to this day. I tried to talk Billy out of becoming a police officer, with stories of the danger, he would have none of it; his mind was set. He spoke many times about the month he spent at "the pile" in New York City after the Sept. 11, 2001 attack. ~~at NY~~ He was devastated over the things he saw there. Sadness etched his face when we would have these conversations. The William Masso I know is kind, sensitive and always there for anyone that needs him. Billy is always helping his family, friends + neighbors. Most of all



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he is a much loved family man, his wife and young children adore him and are very dependant on him. Billys elderly parents, are also very dependant on him and live close by so that he can be there everyday to care for them. I implore you to keep in mind William Masso's young children, wife and this parents when sentencing him. He is a good person that made a bad choice. Billy will pay for the rest of his life for that, but, he will always be a good man, loved by many.

Respectfully  
Mrs. Kathleen Otere

Daniel Ruspantini

Coral Springs, FL 33076

May 28, 2012

Honorable John G. Koeltl  
United States District Judge  
United States Courthouse  
Southern District of New York  
500 Pearl Street, Room 1030  
New York, NY 10007

Dear Sir,

Who is Billy Masso and why is he so special to me, my family and to all of his friends. Billy and I first met in Bensonhurst, Brooklyn on West 13th Street. That is where my family owned the house and rented the apartment below to the Masso family. It was 1965, Billy and I were around a year old. My family and his family became very good friends. Billy was one of three children. My mother told me we played together all the time. Our parents were very hard working people trying to provide a good life for us. Back in those days there was so much pride in doing a good job and a strong sense of accomplishment. People didn't expect anything or wait for a handout from anybody if things were bad you just worked harder. I don't think people took advantage of welfare and other programs it was unheard of. It was not like that back then. Today people abuse the programs to see what they can get for free. There is no more pride and morals of family values today. Well to get on with my story, years later my parents sold the house on West 13th Street and moved to Mill Basin. By then Billy and his parents moved out and bought a home as well. I went to Public Elementary School P.S. 312 in my neighborhood. In 6th grade my parents put me in to St. Bernard's Catholic School. That was probably the best thing that ever happened to me 1st because I did not receive a proper education in reading and math from public school. Second, to my surprise I went into Billy Masso's class. I did not even know we had met before. We made friends so easily and started hanging out. Later, we found out through our parents that we played together when we were babies. I guess meeting up again was fate. Billy was a great kid. When I first came in to the school I was not good in reading and math. I was also very shy and was embarrassed about my difficulties. Billy took me under his wing he helped me out and we became very good friends.

What do I mean by a good friend? We saw each other every day. Every morning my dad dropped me off to Billy's house. His mom tried to feed me breakfast. I was very proper and did not except it. In the afternoon after school we stayed together, did our homework and played and dreamed about being super heroes. We loved to read comic books. Billy was like my brother. I have two brothers that are ten years older than me so I was like an only child. Billy became my best friend and he was really like a brother to me. We did everything together. He often ate dinner over my house. When my family traveled on vacations Billy came along almost every time. I would say we were pretty close friends. We used to make believe we were super heroes just like in the comic books. Great times!

We met other kids from our neighborhood. At first they were not very nice to us. I was small and the other kids would bully me. Billy always had my back. He always watched out for me no matter what the circumstances. We never backed down to these kids and faced them and in turn they respected us and we all became very good friends. Now the whole group of us hung out together. We played sports, little league baseball, football everyday. Jerry Masso, Billy's dad was our baseball coach. We had a great time together. Billy had a special talent. I sensed he would be an actor someday because he would act out parts of TV shows and movies all the time. He had a gift for that. I enjoyed watching him perform them.

I remember one incident that if it were not for Billy Masso I would not be here today. This is true because he saved my life. My house in Mill Basin was on the water. We used to go on my deck to fish and catch the crabs off the poles by holding onto the dock. In the winter the water froze over and became hard enough to walk on. I decided to walk on the ice and I fell in. Without a second thought Billy ran on the ice to pull me out. He risked his own life to save me. Billy didn't even hesitate he just did what he had to do to save me. Once again he had my back. We never told our parents and never walked on the ice again. Someone had to be watching over us that day.

As we got older we had lots more responsibilities. I went to work for my father in an electroplating factory. I was fortunate my family owned a business that I could work and make good money. Billy worked several different jobs to make enough to pay for his car, gas and going out to clubs with all of us. That was what we all did back then. Billy looked out for everybody. If we were about to do something stupid he would be the voice of reason and try to stop it from happening. A lot of the guys were caught up in the drinking and drugs and all the parents would be up all night worrying. Who do you think they would call and ask to go out and look for them and bring them home. Billy of course and he